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THE SALONS OF 1892

(Special Correspondence of THE COLLECTOR)

I.—THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES

IF I were asked to give my opinion regarding the most striking picture in this year's old Salon, I should say at once: Léon Bonnat's portrait of Ernest Renan. For this is a portrait; the portrait of a man, and not of a mere studio puppet. The old philosopher, with a bit of the devil in his light-grey eyes, sits firmly in a chair, over the arm of which he has thrown his top-coat. The thighs are parted, so as to firmly support the somewhat leaning figure, with both hands poised upon the knees. His frock-coat is open, and in the button-hole there is the crimson disk which denotes the wearer an officer of the Legion of Honor. It seems impossible that the cynical old author of the "Life of Jesus" could ever have posed for this picture. It is too natural; too free of anything indicative of strained effect or effort. The artist must have entered the author's study, easel, canvas, brushes, palette and paint box in hand; set everything down in the middle of the apartment, and painted Monsieur Renan before the latter knew anything about it.

M. Chartran exhibits a portrait of Pope Leo XIII, which will be of interest from the fact that its creator is the only one to whom His Holiness ever sat. It is useless to describe it, as it has already served as the original for a number of cheap copies.

Mlle. Abbema, whose work by alphabetical right is numbered one in the catalogue, sends a "Portrait of the Countess de Martel," better known to readers of Parisian journals of the rather facetious class by her pseudonym of "Gyp."

Almost simultaneous with the opening of last year's Salon, when *tout Paris* was turning its steps toward the great exhibition in the Palais des Champs Elysées, and Anarchy's cankered intellect was devising a new explosive with which to blow up its tyrannical oppressors, a labor riot occurred at Fourmies, in the north of France. Soldiers and socialists were engaged in determining whether or not the tenets of law and order should triumph over the spirit of insurrection and revolt. Matters were growing serious. The mounted hussars were being badly used up by the rocks of the socialistic party, while scores of the latter were falling beneath a perfect hailstorm of lead. It is impossible to tell where it would have all ended had not a priest, bare-headed and breathless, rushed upon the scene. He threw himself between communists and horsemen. The former drew back; the others ceased firing. The curate of Fourmies had quelled a riot.

Infinitely superior to Chartran's picture of Pope Leo XIII, in his ivory-colored pontifical robes, is M. Moreau-Deschavres' portrait of this simple village priest, this hero of a moment. It is a full-length study, the modest clergyman standing dignified and upright, his hands clasped naturally across his silken sash, and his fluffy three-cornered felt hat under the left arm. The facial lines are strong and exceptionally well drawn, and the drapery is handled admirably. It is the second best portrait in the gallery.

A picture which has attracted a deal of attention, though more on account of its huge dimensions and its melodramatic effects than the quality of its execution, is Albert Maignan's "Carpeaux." The sculptor, from whom the painting takes its name, and whose work is more than familiar to every Parisian *flâneur*, is stretched upon a couch in the centre of his atelier, worn out and ill with fatigue. From the open window, close to the roof of the studio, one gets a glimpse of the gray autumnal sky, and a cluster of chimney pots and slated house tops. But although it is daylight the sculptor dreams, and in this day-dream he beholds the vision of his long life's work—the loved and cherished figures chiseled into being beneath his dexterous touch. In the misty vapors of his feverish and disordered imagination there stands, vaguely materialized in the centre of the workshop, the vigorous outlines of the Fountain of the Nations, in the Gardens of the Luxembourg. At the left, in contrast to the sombre shadows of the central figures, is the group of dancing cupids and nudes which we have seen so often upon the façade of the Pavillon de Flore. To the right of the picture is the group of the Grand Opera, from which the nude figure of a woman escapes in order that she may print a kiss upon the forehead of her suffering creator, as he lies at full length upon his couch. There is much about Maignan's canvas deserving of praise, but neither treatment nor technique denote the touch of the master. It is flat and much exaggerated; faulty in gradation and lacks both softness and feeling.

Jean Paul Laurens, whom I observed making a tour of the galleries on varnishing day, arm in arm with President Carnot, has not chosen a happy subject in "La Liseuse," a young woman in seventeenth century costume seated at a table and reading a book.

The figure is awkward and badly posed, and were it not for the artist's skilful treatment of drapery, the warm, rich color imparted to the corsage and quaint head-dress, and his brilliant high lights, it would be absolutely uninteresting.

J. J. Henner has several nude studies of indifferent merit, while Jean Gigoux has a portrait of Henner.

Fantini-Latour is represented by an allegorical canvas whose title, "Prelude to Lohengrin," altogether fails to clear up its meaning, if it has any.

Very much in the same vein, though coarser in texture and treatment, is Benjamin Constant's immense decoration for the Hotel de Ville, entitled: "Paris Inviting the World to Her Festivities," and which, on account of its glaring color scheme, is positively offensive. Some day when it is put in place upon the ceiling of the City Hall we shall better be able to judge of its dignity.

I have never had the pleasure of meeting Geoffroy, whose "Reading Lesson" is by far the most attractive picture of its kind in the entire exhibition. Yet I have often thought of hunting him up, as I love the man for his work. Four little children, *mioches* as we prefer to call them in Paris, two girls and two shingle-headed youngsters, primers in hand, are learning the mysteries of the French language. Their teacher, in her black dress with its lace collar, is prompting the smallest of them, with the forefinger of her left hand upon the page. This precious four-year-old has his back to us, but we know exactly what the color of his eyes would be and precisely what his puggy nose would look like, had the artist chosen to turn him around the other way. One of the girls has her head in her book, but she isn't looking at it; she is looking at her preceptress and wondering how it will ever be possible to make progress with such a difficult task. How natural all this is, and with what tenderness and simplicity the painter has handled his subject. If there is aught in the Salon to cause us to make a second, perhaps a third visit, it is this picture.

Some months ago I wrote a paragraph for THE COLLECTOR *à propos* of a canvas upon which Edouard Detaille was then engaged in putting the finishing touches previous to submitting it to the jury of the Salon. Here it is; and like all of the artist's paintings is faultless in color, composition and detail. During the campaign of 1815, Barbanègre, commander of the French forces garrisoned at Huningen on the left bank of the Rhine, heroically defended, and, by the aid of but a handful of men, held the town against a whole army of Austrians for full ten weeks after the battle of Waterloo had decided forever the fortunes of his Emperor. On the 27th of August, however, it became evident to those within the ramparts that further resistance was useless. The flag of truce was raised, and the fifty-five survivors of the siege marched out of the gates headed by their fearless though unconquered leader. For Barbanègre would not even then have surrendered had he not received at the hands of his antagonists the honors of war. The forces of the enemy, ranged in front of the massive arch through which the French soldiers make their mournful exit, present arms. The Austrian officers bare their heads, and the Archduke John, commander-in-chief of the besiegers, doffs his cap and presses forward to grasp the hand of the sick and wounded general. The picture is realistic and impressive. The dazzling white uniforms of the Austrian army contrast effectively with those of the Napoleonic troops. The walls of the sturdy little town, battered and broken by the foe's shell, present an outline alike sad and pathetic. There is a chord of melancholy struck by the very stones themselves.

The dexterous grouping and composition of Monsieur Detaille's magnificent historical paintings is usually such as to tolerate no criticism. In this particular direction it is a question whether he does not even surpass his immortal master. Yet in his "Sortie de la Garnison de Huningue," which I do not hesitate to pronounce one of the very best of his works, he has centralized a degree of interest in two figures—a drummer and his boy—which possess no relative value to the picture whatever. They might as well have been left out of the immediate foreground which they are intended to fill, and thus have permitted the vision to be directed to the chief and more important actors in the tragic and affecting drama.

A worthy member of the school of military painting, whose "Return of the Regiment" attracts us strangely, is Julien Le Blant, who, by the way, has more than once carried off the prize for his stirring scenes of strife and battle. The victorious, though decimated, regiment of grenadiers have come over the Alps from Italy,

where they have been fighting under Bonaparte, and at last arrive in Paris. The grassy heights of Montmartre, with its busy windmills, form a harmonious background to the faded uniforms of the troops, as they stand in line awaiting the order to break ranks.

Though a broader and far more expansive *motif*, there is not the same subtle interest embodied in G. Clairin's "French Army Encampment Before the Ducal Palace, Venice" as in Le Blant's picture. No more does Jules Girardet's "Soir de Bataille" possess that inexpressible charm with which certain of its neighbors inspire us. Neither of these two last-named canvases, however, are as monotonous or conventional as E. P. Berne-Bellecour's "Defense of the Bridge" or G. Moreau's "Vive la France," both of which are nothing more than vulgar bids for patriotic popularity.

In "The Conquerors," on the other hand, Pierre Fritel has given us an exceptionally forcible allegorical canvas. It is something more than forcible—it is horrible; though it exerts an indescribable spell over the morbid or cynical side of our nature. Above all, it is neither conventional nor commonplace. Through the midst of a subterranean cavern, the limitations of which are lost in clouds of semi-luminous vapor, there approaches a weird and mystic cavalcade. In the middle, Cæsar, mounted upon a coal-black charger. At either side of him jeweled chariots drawn by milk-white steeds, snorting and shying a bit as they advance. In the one, firm and erect, stands Sesostrius, dressed in the Egyptian costume worn fifteen centuries before Christ; in the other, Alexander, wrapped in the Grecian toga. Behind them, amid a forest of javelins and lances, follow Napoleon, Attila, Charlemagne and other conquerors of races and nations; while to the right and left, on all sides save in the pathway made for these mighty warriors, lie the stark and rigid corpses of their innumerable victims.

All this, you will say, is a nightmare, a phantasy existing only in the bizarre and poetic fancy of the artist. But he must be an artist and a poet indeed who can thus materialize his ghostly thoughts and translate them to canvas with such vigor as has M. Fritel. Unless I am very far astray in my judgment, the picture will be awarded a medal.

Another painting, and I have finished with historical, military and imaginative canvases: it is M. F. Tattegrain's "Entrance of Louis XI into Paris, August 30, 1461," a canvas overcrowded with figures like some great Shakespearian tragedy on the boards of a theatre. The painter is a colorist of rare skill, while the masterly grouping of the immense mass of people is deserving of commendation.

One of the artist's friends and admirers, in calling my attention to the correctness of certain details, told me that Tattegrain had spent more than a year on the picture. Well, what of it? Meissonier took considerably over fifteen years to finish his "1807," and made hundreds of distinct and separate studies before he arrived at what he desired to reproduce. He had horses ridden through fields of rye at Poissy in order to study their action and the disturbance of the grain; or again over dry and burning roadbeds, that he might see the effects of the dust raised by their hoofs. All this is what made Meissonier's works what they are and what they always will be, and what must make M. Tattegrain a still greater painter than he is if he really wishes to be such.

Far from calling forth any degree of praise this year, or in fact being of ordinary excellence, the nudes, with a single exception, are positively offensive. H. E. Delacroix's "Mouettes et Vague," a half human, half ethereal creature, riding upon the crest of an incoming breaker, is not at all bad. Surand, who has put St. Anthony in a silk cassock instead of sackcloth, and has placed him in a chapel instead of a cell, makes a wretched picture of a wretched subject. Even Bouguereau is not at his best in "The Wasp's Nest," depicting a nymph infested by a cloud of flying cupids; for while the color of the canvas is quite up to the mark, the figures are awkward and badly drawn. Rieder disgusts us with his "Last Leaves," while the nude studies of Le Quesne, Benner and Manceaux are stiff, unhealthy and vulgar. We are glad to get free of them, one and all.

To turn from these painty canvases to that of Jules Breton's "June" is like suddenly going out into the freshness of the open air from the close and stifling atmosphere of the drawing-room. One sniffs at once the odor of the flat, undulating meadowland, and the perfume of clover and newly-cut grass fills the nostrils, as it sweeps in gusts across the yellow harvest fields of June. It is noon-day. The sky is cloudless, save for a passing feathery fleece here and there. The sun beats down with all its burning force, and clothes the landscape in a blaze of gold. A group of haymakers have sought repose against a stack of their morning rakings. It is hot; there is no shade about, but these Breton peasants do not mind that in the least. The man with a three-days' growth of beard and a skin like tanned leather, who sits with his back propped against the heap of hay, while he gulps his *piquette* from

the mouth of an earthen jar, is accustomed to just such temperature as this. And the woman with the bare feet who lies upon the ground, flat on her belly, and who has passed the best part of her existence in the open air, actually enjoys the sultry atmosphere of summer as it radiates in waves from the tawny soil. There is romance and sentiment in this gathering of reapers, particularly in the figure standing in the central foreground, a woman leaning on her rake, the very embodiment of labor. Figures and landscape are well expressed; the treatment delicate and tender. The artist has still another picture in the exhibition, "Souvenir of Douarnenez," with some women washing linen in a brook, and which possesses a charm quite distinct from the other.

There are one or two capital marines scattered here and there about the galleries. The most original, perhaps, is H. E. Rudaux's "Torpedo Boats in Rough Weather," a motive of sea and sky. "An Equinoctial Tide on the Channel," by H. P. Caron, is a magnificent sea-scape, with a fleet of fishing smacks strongly outlined against the distant horizon. Le Gout-Gérard's "Sardine Fishermen at Anchor" is also entitled to a word of praise.

Some Brittany peasant women crouching in a heap on the barren and deserted shore during a storm, look anxiously seaward as the spray moistens their careworn faces, and await, with some misgivings, the return of their husbands out upon the deep. But "The Boats Do Not Come Home," the painter, M. Thirion tells us.

"A Foggy Morning at Avignon," from the brush of Paul Sain, makes a delicious landscape, with the verdant river bank in the foreground, the broad and shallow waters of the Durance sweeping southward to coalesce with the deeper currents of the Rhone. In the distance, enveloped in the hazy atmosphere of early day, loom the spires and battlements of the ancient and picturesque City of the Popes. The painting denotes careful study, and the soft and delicate tracery of the shrubbery and trees in the first plane blended with the subdued tones of the remote objects, as the vision wonders onward to the point where earth and sky meet, is admirable.

There is more than ordinary merit in Martin-des-Amoignes' "Between Two Showers," where we see an old peasant and his wife plodding along homeward at close of day with a barrow-load of vegetables. They have just been caught in a sudden down-pour. But the rain-cloud has blown over as quickly as it came, and a ray of sunshine filters down through the foliage at the left side of the road. There is another purple cloud approaching rapidly, however, and which, if our good people do not make haste, will be full upon them. The treatment of both landscape and atmosphere is capital, with a deft handling of the grays and ambers.

"A Cottage in Provence," by R. Moisson, is a poetically-painted picture from the brush of an artist with (in French) an equally poetic name. It is delicate in fibre and rich in tone. W. H. Howe's "Moonrise, the Dunes, Holland," is melancholy, though the canvas suffers, to my notion, from a rather empty foreground. Much better is the "Morning, Karlen Hof, Holland," from the same brush. The artist, I believe, is an American. J. B. Olive shows a delightful bit of the "Quay at Marseilles," and Truchet's "Place Clichy," in Paris, is equally good.

Deyrolles' "Fisherman's Wife" is a gem, a fine specimen of healthy and robust womanhood, with her child in her arms. Those who look upon P. L. Couturier's "Rats Holding Counsel" will forever renounce their antipathy to these vermin. As for the artist, I am certain that he must have a decided liking for the little rodents in order to give us such a pretty picture. Mlle. Malbet's rats, on the contrary, are not half so wide awake and interesting as Couturier's, and herein lies the difference between good painting and bad. Scalbert shows two very clever bears in their pit at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. Aside from these canvases the animal paintings are quite undeserving of comment.

II.—THE CHAMP DE MARS

Like all new institutions, the National Society of Fine Arts endeavors, with perhaps more energy than do older associations, to attain a generally high standard of excellence. Here impressionism finds a home, though the works belonging to this school represent all that is best in the art, without the excessive eccentricities too frequently identified therewith. As usual, the paintings are exhibited in the four magnificent galleries of the Palais des Beaux Arts, under the shadow of the Eiffel Tower.

In a prominent position near the entrance of the first room are two portraits, a mother and daughter, by Boldini; the former a graceful figure in black and gold, the latter a pretty child in a gray frock reclining upon a steel-colored sofa.

In the northwest gallery Madeleine Lemaire exhibits a dainty production, "The Fairies' Chariot." A "Decorative Panel," by Mlle. Suzanne Lemaire, is an equally good bit of work. M.

Lhermitte has a pleasing picture in his "Goose Girl," a ragged peasant guarding her boisterous flock. The same artist contributes one of the several imitations to be seen this spring of the bold departure from conventionality which last year brought the name of M. Béraud into prominence with his "Christ Chez le Pharisien." In his "Friend of the Humble," Lhermitte depicts the Saviour breaking bread at the frugal meal of a group of French peasants in nineteenth century costume. Another work of this description is Jacques Blanche's "L'Hôte," in which we see the Creator seated at table with a family of modern *bourgeois*. In "L'Education Divine," M. Laurent Gsell likewise brings the figure of our Lord into modern life, representing him as addressing a gathering of children in one of the public gardens of Paris.

Monsieur Béraud's own contribution is still another episode from the Scripture, and treated in the same manner as his "Christ at the House of the Pharisee," that is to say, the placing before us of the figure of Jesus, in proper attire, surrounded by a group of persons wearing ready-made clothes of the Rogers-Peet order. Béraud's Pharisees, Sadducees, virgins and Magdalens are Parisians of the true Boulevard or Bellville physiognomy, clad in cutaways, frock coats or roundabouts. "The Descent from the Cross" is the subject of this year's picture, with the last act of the Divine Tragedy located on the heights of Montmartre, overlooking the French capital. The dead body of the Saviour, partly enveloped in a winding sheet, is being lowered to earth by a Catholic priest in a black cassock. Several workmen in everyday attire lend assistance, while Mary Magdalen, wearing a crape veil and very becoming mourning weeds, wrings her hands and gazes heartbroken upon the sad scene. The Virgin, whose gray hair is partly hidden by a small black bonnet, weeps in agony. On the brow of the hill nearest to Paris a common-looking laborer shakes his fist at the city which has crucified his Redeemer.

This sort of thing may be very clever, but it is equally revolting and sacrilegious. The artist may be made to suffer for it one of these days.

Dagnan-Bouveret exhibits, among other things, a capital head of Coquelin Cadet with a broad smile on his face. Gervex has an amusing little picture of an infant puzzled by the ticking of a watch and evidently contemplating its destruction. J. M'Neil-Whistler shows several "Nocturnes," and an admirable portrait of Lady Meux. John Sargent's contributions are a portrait of Carl mencia, already seen in New York, and a study from the nude.

Joseph Israels, whose works are so highly prized on this side of the Atlantic, shows a fine canvas, entitled "Maternal Care," a Dutch interior rendered with the grace and simplicity which characterize all of this artist's productions. Among a number of excellent landscapes by Iwill is a striking "View of Dordrecht," with the river Meuse aglow in the setting sunlight. Carolus Duran is represented by ten separate works, the best of which is the "Portrait of Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer," of Recamier Cream fame. "Pillage d'Armoire," showing an open cupboard and a quantity of broken crockery affords M. Lambert an opportunity of charming us with a group of his cats and kittens reveling in the destruction they have caused, William T. Dannat sends several original paintings portraying the olive skins and iridescent costumes of certain Spanish female types.

Jan Van Beers displays two little pictures finished with his usual care and detail. A horribly realistic work catalogued as the "Dream of Dante," and showing the infernal regions, forms part of La Touche's exhibit. The entire end of the principal gallery is taken up by a colossal Puvis de Chavannes, which is to form one of the decorative panels in the Hotel de Ville. It represents "Winter," a snow-covered forest with groups of peasants, woodcutters and hutsmen, and is distinguished by that softness of atmosphere and harmony of color which have placed the great impressionist in the first rank among decorative painters. The eminent Dutch artist, H. W. Mesdag, exhibits several seascapes, and his brother, Taco Mesdag, has a fresh and breezy "Marshland Round Scheveningen."

It has been a comparatively easy task to cast a passing glance over the walls of the old and the new Salons, and to jot down, at random, impressions of certain of the canvases hung thereon. To embody in a single paragraph, however, a *résumé* of the whole, gives us pause. We are disposed to be captious in our criticism, yet do not know where to begin; there is so much to condemn, so comparatively little to praise.

I wonder if any of those whose names figure upon either of the catalogues of 1892 have ever read a letter written long ago by Jean François Millet to his friend Pelloquet. If not, it may be well to reproduce a line of it for their benefit.

"You belong," wrote the immortal master of Barbizon to his compatriot, "to the very small number of persons who believe

that all art is a language, and that a language is made to express one's thoughts. If more of us were of the same opinion we should not see so much aimless writing and painting as we do at present. I try in my work to express—so far as is within my power—things and conditions which, to me, are matters of faith. I desire to have the people whom I paint look as if they belonged to their station, and I strive to express the impossibility of their ever being anything but what they are."

More than once, in the pages of THE COLLECTOR, and in touching upon various Paris exhibitions, have I called attention to the condition which Millet so vigorously fought against, and which is so apparent in both of the great Salons.

Nothing is to be gained by the vain effort to express the inexpressible. Let things remain as they are, and as nature, and not modern ideas, intend that they should be. Let art be guided by nature, not nature by art. Then, and not till then, will our spring exhibitions be of the right sort.

PARIS, May 15, 1892.

JOHN PRESTON BEECHER.

THE GREAT PARIS ART SALES

CERTAINLY the two most remarkable of recent art sales in Paris, which have trodden on each other's heels, as it might be, have been those of the Dumas and the Daupias collections. Both the collectors in question were famous through years of collectorship as connoisseurs of high order, who had bought many pictures, who had sold what they did not desire, and who had preserved to themselves that which, to their thinking, represented in its highest degree the phase or phases of art in which each was individually interested. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that the dispersion of their collections should arouse a degree of enthusiasm among collectors and dealers which is perhaps unprecedented in the history of modern art sales. The figures of the sales, as below, cannot but be found of interest to collectors and art lovers.

The prices at the Dumas sale included—Villon: "Moulins de Hollande," 2,000f.; "La Mandoline," 2,050f.; "La Musette," 2,150f.; "La Pipe," 4,500f.; "Les Cuivres," 8,200f.; "Le Dessert," 11,350f.; "Les Œufs," 4,000f.; "Le Potiron," 4,500f.; "Le Casque du Roi Henry II," 7,400f. Corot's "Solitude" fetched 8,500f.; "Reverie," 4,300f.; "La Madeleine," 5,000f.; "Crépuscule," 19,500f.; "Au Bords de l'Eau," 5,100f.; "La Rochelle," 3,450f. By Jules Dupré, the "Crépuscule" commanded 6,900f.; "Le Pêcheur," 6,155f.; "La Mare," 5,000f.; "Coucher de Soleil sur la Mer," 11,500f.; "Le Pont de l'Isle Adam," 3,500f. Troyon's "Le Paturage" commanded 11,500f., and the picture by Jacque, of the same title, 3,700f. Mme. Vigée-le-Brun's "Portrait de Femme" fetched 9,900f., and her other portrait of a woman, 3,300f. The "Jeune Femme" of Nattier commanded 11,600f.; Prud'hon's "Aminta," a very small drawing, scarcely two inches high, 7,100f.; a drawing by De Neuville, "La Defense du Village," 1,000f.; Prud'hon's "Apotheose du Génie de la Peinture" (a drawing), 6,500f.; Latour's "Portrait de M. Silvestre," (a crayon drawing), 1,520f.; and the "Portrait de Vestris II ou Vestris Allard," by Mme. de Romani, 1,800f.

Some other prices were: by Madeleine Lemaire, "Avant le Bal" (a pastel), 2,120f.; Nattier, "Jeune Femme," 3,700f.; Prud'hon, "L'Innocence," 2,200f.; Fragonard, "Scene Galante," 2,900f.; Lefebvre, "Marie Madeleine dans la Grotte," 9,900f.; Diaz, "Sous Bois," 4,100f.; Flameng, "Coquetterie," 2,050f.; Delacroix, "Faust et le Docteur Wagner," 3,655f., and "Le Roi Rodrigues, apres la Bataille de Guadalete," 5,500f.; Lefebvre, "Femme Nue," 25,500f.; Fromentin, "Centaur et Centaures," 17,500f.; Tassaert, "La Transfiguration de la Madeleine expirante," 6,500f.; "L'Enfant Jesus Sur Sa Croix entouré d'anges Enfants," 2,005f.; "Le Reve dans la Mansarde," 8,500f., and "Bacchus et Erigone," 2,500f.; Rosalba Carriera, "Portrait de Mlle. Aissé," a pastel, 1,950f.; Prud'hon, "Reverie," a drawing, 2,850f.; Peyronneau, "Portrait de M., in pastel, 5,600f.; Prud'hon, "Femme nue, de face, les bras levés," a drawing, 1,950f.; Boucher, "Venus Nue, Entendue," a tinted crayon, 2,000f.; and Chardin, "Portrait de Sedaine," 2,700f. The Meissoniers went at, "Le Colonel Massue," 3,100f.; "Les Joueurs d'échecs" (pen drawing), 4,500f.; "L'Attente" (sepia and gouache), 3,600f.; "Le Mousquetaire" (water color), 6,950f.; "Porte-drapeau de la Garde Civique Flamande" (sepia and gouache), 3,300f.; "Le Liseur" (grisaille and gouache), 5,000f.; "Le Bretteur" (water color), 6,910f.; "Seigneur Louis XIII" (water color), 4,100f.; "Un Conte Rémoué" (crayon and gouache), 3,650f. The total of the sale was \$105,482 for 211 works.

The sum total of the Daupias sale was \$246,832, for the same number of pictures as those in the Dumas collection. Here are the noteworthy figures:

Corot, "Entrée en Forêt," 101,000f.; Troyon, "L'Approche de l'Orage," 100,000f.; Troyon, "Le Barrage," 5,000f.; Marilhat, "Retour de l'Enfant Prodigue," 12,700f.; Isabey, "L'Hôtellerie," 12,600f.; Millet, "Au Puits," 25,000f.; Meissonier, "Un Savant dans un Cabinet de Travail," 3,955f.; Gérôme, "La Vivandière," 2,105f.; Dabigny, "Les Bords de l'Oise," 25,600f.; Diaz, "Le Repos de la Nymphé," 18,500f.; Diaz, "Les Grandes Délaisées," 9,250f.; Roybet, "Le Fumeur," 4,060f.; Pasini, "Jardin du Harem," 6,000f.; Isabey,